

*Lawyer.* Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,  
The argument you held, was wrong in you;  
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.

*Yorke.* Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?

*Som.* Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that  
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.  
*Yorke.* Meane time your cheeks doe counterfeit our Roses:  
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing  
The truth on our ſide.

*Som.* No *Plantagenet*:

'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes  
Blush for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roses,  
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.

*Yorke.* Haſt not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerſet*?

*Som.* Haſt not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?  
*Yorke.* I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,  
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.

*Som.* Well, He ſind friends to weare my bleeding Roses,  
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,  
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſcene.

*Yorke.* Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,  
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.

*ſuff.* Turne not thy ſcorne this way, *Plantagenet*.

*Yorke.* Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and  
thee.

*ſuff.* He turne my part thereof into thy throat.

*Som.* Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,  
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.  
*Warw.* Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:

His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,  
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:  
Spring Cretleſſe Yeomen from to deepe a Root?

*Yorke.* He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,  
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.

*Som.* By him that made me, He maintaine my words  
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendom.

Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,  
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?

And by his Treason, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,  
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?  
His Trepaſſes yet liues guiltie in thy blood,

And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.

*Yorke.* My Father was attached, not attainted,  
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;  
And that He proue on better men then *Somerſet*,  
Were growing time once ripened to my will.

For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,  
He note you in my Booke of Memorie,  
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:

Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.  
*Som.* Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:  
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,

For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.  
*Yorke.* And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,  
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,  
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,  
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.

*ſuff.* Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:  
And ſo farewell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*

*Som.* Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard*.  
*Yorke.* How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure  
it?

*Warw.* This plot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,  
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament.

Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:  
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,  
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.

Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,  
Against proud *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,  
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.

And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,  
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,  
Shall ſend betwene the Red-Rose and the White,

A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.  
*Yorke.* Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,  
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.

*Ver.* In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.

*Lawyer.* And ſo will I.

*Yorke.* Thankes gentle.

Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,  
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,  
and Taylors.*

*Mort.* Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,  
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.

Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,  
So ſare my Limbes with long In priſonment:  
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,

*Nefor*-like aged, in an Age of Care,  
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.  
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,

Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent,  
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,  
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,

That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground,  
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,  
(Vnable to ſupport this Lump of Clay)

Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,  
As witting I no other comfort haue.  
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?

*Keeper.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:  
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,  
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.

*Mort.* Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatiſfied.  
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.

Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,  
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,  
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;

And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* bene obſcur'd,  
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.  
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,

Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,  
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:  
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,

That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

*Enter Richard.*

*Keeper.* My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.  
*Mort.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

*Rich.* I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,  
Your Nephew, late deſpis'd *Richard*, comes.

*Mort.* Direſt mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,  
And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaspe.

Oh tell me when my Lippen doe touch his Cheekes,  
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.

And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorke*'s great Stock,  
Why diſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

*Rich.* Firſt

*Rich.* Firſt, leane thiſe aged Back againſt mine Arme,  
And in that caſe, He tell thee my Diſeaſe.

This day in argument vpon a Caſe,  
Some words there grew twixt *Somerſet* and me:  
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſh tongue,

And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;  
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,  
Elſe with the like I had requited him.

Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,  
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,  
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe

My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.  
*Mort.* That cauſe (ſaie Nephew) that imprifon'd me,  
And hath decay'd me all my flowering Youth,

Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,  
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.

*Rich.* Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,  
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.

*Mort.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.

*Henry* the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,  
Depoſ'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward*'s Sonne,  
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire

Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.  
During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,  
Finding his Viſpation moſt vniuſt,

Endeuor'd my aduancement to the Throne.  
The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,  
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,

Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)  
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:  
For by my Mother, I deriued am

From *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne  
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,  
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,

Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.  
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,  
They labour'd, to plant the rightfull Heire,

I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.  
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth  
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;

Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd  
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of *Yorke*,  
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;

Againe, in pittie of my hard diſtreſſe,  
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,  
And haue intall'd me in the Diademe:

But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,  
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,  
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.

*Rich.* Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.

*Mort.* True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,  
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:

Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:  
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.

*Rich.* Thy graue admoniſhments preuaile with me:  
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution  
Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.

*Mort.* With ſilence, Nephew, be thou politick,  
Strong fix'd is the Houſe of *Lancaster*,  
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.

But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,  
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd  
With long continuance in a ſetled place.

*Rich.* O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres  
Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.

*Mort.* Thou do'ſt then wro  
Which giueth many Wound  
Mourne not, except thou for  
Onely giue order for my Fun  
And ſo farewell, and faire be  
And proſperous be thy Life

*Rich.* And Peace, no War  
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a P  
And like a Hermite ouer-paſ  
Well, I will locke his Counc  
And what I doe imagine, let  
Keepers conuey him hence, a  
Will ſee his Buryall better th  
Here dyes the duſkie Torch  
Choakt with Ambition of the  
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe  
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd  
I doubt not, but with Honor  
And therefore haſte I to the  
Eyther to be reſtored to my  
Or make my will th'aduanta

## Actus Tertius.

*Flouriſh.* *Enter King, Exeter,  
Somerſet, Suffolk, Richard*  
to put up a Bill, *Wincheſter*

*Winch.* Com'ſt thou with  
With written Pamphlets, ſu  
*Humfrey* of Gloſter, if thou  
Or ought intend'ſt to lay vnto  
Doe it without inuention, ſu

As I wiſh ſudden, and extem  
Purpose to anſwer what thou  
*Glo.* Preſumptuous Prielt, thi  
Or thou ſhoul'd'ſt finde thou  
I thinke not, although in Wi  
The manner of thy vile out  
That therefore I haue forg'd  
Verbatim to rehearſe the Me  
No Prelate, ſuch is thy audac  
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and d  
As very Infants prattle of th  
Thou art a moſt pernitiouſ  
Froward by nature, Enemie  
Laſciuiouſ, wanton, more the  
A man of thy Profeſſion, an  
And for thy Trecherie, what  
In that thou lay'd'ſt a Trap to  
As well at London Bridge, a  
Beſide, I feare me, if thy thou  
The King, thy Soueraigne, is  
From enuiouſ mallice of thy  
*Winch.* Gloſter, I doe deſie th  
To giue me hearing what I ſ  
If I were couetous, ambitiou  
As he will haue me: how am  
Or how haps it, I ſeeke not  
Or rayſe my ſelfe? but keepe  
And for Diſſention, who pre  
More then I doe? except I b  
No, my good Lords, it is not  
It is not that, that hath incre  
It is becauſe no one ſhould  
No one, but hee, ſhould be a  
And that engenders Thunde